

Contributed

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

Under the shadow of Thy wing,
I trust in Thee for everything;
Encircled by Thy loving arm
Nothing can have the power to harm.

Under the shadow of Thy wing,
I do not fear; to Thee I cling.
I calmly wait, whate'er betide,
Knowing I'm safe at Jesus' side.

Under the shadow of Thy wing,
Cares and troubles away I fling;
"Hope springs eternal in the breast,"
Since I have found this sweetest rest.

Under the shadow of Thy wing,
Every trial to Thee I bring,
The clouds disperse, sunshine appears,
And glad smiles take the place of tears.

Under the shadow of Thy wing,
A joyful song of praise I sing,
Sheltered and shielded, blest by Thee,
How can I aught but happy be?

Under the shadow of Thy wing,
The mountain heights and valleys ring
A chime of love, faith, hope and peace,
Whose joyous echoes ne'er shall cease.

Under the shadow of Thy wing,
I fear not death, it has no sting;
The light of heaven shines so bright
When shadowed, strengthened by Thy might.

Worsham, Va.

Sally B. Dickenson.

MEN AND MISSIONS.

By D. F. Eagleton.

(Read before the Brotherhood of the Presbyterian Church of Elliasville, Texas, and published at their request.)

When Cain answered the Lord, "Am I my brother's keeper?" he merely gave interrogative expression to the reluctance of the natural heart to recognize a profound humanistic principle. When, however, the heart of man, out of which are the issues of life, has been touched by the mercy and sympathy of the Divine Spirit, it responds with a thrill of gladness in its fervor, "Here am I, Lord, send Me!"

It is the plan of the Creator of the human race that, inasmuch as through man all men fell, so through man shall men be redeemed. Hence, we find the immaculate Son of God who knew no sin, taking upon himself the likeness of sinful flesh, undergoing the miseries of this life, the wrath of God, the painful death of the cross, being buried and continuing under the power of death for a time.

The Divine Saviour then called upon man to take up the great work and carry it on through the ages. And no greater commission has ever been conferred upon mortal men than this, that, as heirs of God and joint heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ, they should, side by side with Him, prosecute the great work of bringing the human race back to God.

Heathen mythology tells us that when the gods wished to punish Atlas, they gave him the world to carry on his shoulders, and that it was the portion of the disobedient Tantalus to perform his task almost to completion, only to realize at the supreme moment

utter failure confronting him. Both these conceptions are wrong—or, rather, they may be taken to exemplify what the unregenerate man may expect to experience in his relations to humanity. We see it in the aesthetic Greek and in the intellectual Roman. Profound in conception, broad in vision, indefatigable in effort, why did they fail? Ah, me! Why such stupendous failures as the modern Cains; a Louis the Fourteenth, a Nicolas of Russia, a Richelieu, an Ingersoll?

The answer is not long in finding. Man's whole nature must be regenerated by God's love, his heart washed and purified in the blood of the Lamb, his will power renewed by the gentle, invigorating influence of the Holy Spirit. In mediaeval times when the esquire became a candidate for knighthood, he was required to spend the night in quiet meditation. His life passed in review before him, he weighed the desires, impulses, and purposes that were deciding his future life course; and when morning came, he was a different personage. Old things had passed from him; he had become a new creature—ready for knighthood, with his life devoted to the defense of purity, honor and truth. So with the Christian convert. He is a new creature. He no longer wages war with principalities and powers, but with the evil of the human heart, with spiritual wickedness in high places. He stands for temperance in habit, for self-control in action, for caution and prudence in speech. As was said of Brutus of old, "His life is gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature may stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man!'"

And this, after all, is the only true brand of patriotism. Others are spurious. Caesar fought for Rome and became self-centered. Richelieu planned to make France supreme amongst nations, and Louis Quatorze supreme in France, for the reason that he alone could dominate that royal master will. A Wallenstein guided a Charles of Sweden to success and triumph, only to turn against him when their policies clashed. Even Bacon and Wolsey were patriotic enough in their hours of triumph, but neither could stand defeat and downfall. It takes the renewing power of God's Spirit to make a man great in defeat. This gave the world a Luther, a Calvin, a Wesley, a Knox, a Robert Lee. And may God grant that this type of manhood may never cease from earth. Nor has it. The uncrowned, unsung heroes of the Cross are increasing in numbers with the years. Never before has humanity been so wrought up for its kind. Burns sang in the bitterness of his soul, "Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn." It remained for the present generation of Christian leaders to evoke the strange spectacle of the world's leadership meeting in solemn conclave under the bloodstained banner of the Cross, at the peace tribunal of the Hague.

Who did all this? How can you explain the difference between a Constantine the Great and an Edward the Seventh of present-day England? Between Richard the Lion Heart and a Queen Victoria? Between a Ferdinand of Aragon and a Cardinal Gibbons? Or between a Peter the Great, stirring up a crusade of bloodshed and death, and a Motte Martin, standing before the potentates and princes of earth, pleading in